K

LAFFBOY

APRIL, 1965 • 60¢

Exclusive!

THE RUSSIANS HAVE A MAN ON THE MOON!

Laffboy asks—

WHAT IS BRIGITTE BARDOT'S GUILTY SEX SECRET?

For homemakers:

PUT MORE "ZIP" IN YOUR ORGIES

Inside story:

"WE WENT OVER THE BERLIN WALL-BY BOAT!"

—and a special photo section:

LAFFBOY ON CAMPUS

Mr. Portnoy, you forgot your green stamps.

Is it true blondes have more fun?

LAFFBOY

Vol. 1, No. 2 April, 1965

America's New Humor Magazine

LAFFBOY — 99 44/100 % impure

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HUGH HUFFPUFFER *Beloved publisher*

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THE LAFFBOY PHOOLOSOPHY

by

Beloved Publisher Hugh Huffpuffer

AT THE REQUEST of our many readers (Sam, Harry and Alice), we are going to use these dandy LAFFBOY pages to set down some of our fascinating views about Life In General. When we finish with General, we will discuss life in Cleveland, life in Milwaukee, and life in the Tokelau Islands.

The Tokelaus, as any dunderhead knows, are an island chain off the coast of New Zealand. The principal language is Samoan. Major products are coconuts, fiber, taro, copra, pigs, chickens, fish, hats and mats.

Let's get one thing straight right now, pussycats. I, beloved publisher Hugh Huffpuffer, am considered to be an expert on a great many subjects. But of all the subjects I've studied, there's *one* which I love more than anything else.

Can you guess which subject is my absolute favorite? Can you guess what's the *most important ingredient* in this type of magazine? Can you guess what it is that holds every girlie magazine together? The staples, pussycats. You try to put out a magazine *without* staples. Loose pages all over—everything coming apart—boy! Talk about mess!

Did somebody in the back row say sex was important, too? Well, yes . . . we'll buy that. Inspector—don't take us so literally. What I meant was that LAFFBOY's editorial policy is firmly in *favor* of sex. We don't agree with those who claim that sex is vile, evil filth. No, indeed. We claim it's enjoyable filth.

Perhaps the LAFFBOY approach can best be summed up in the famous words of P. Vortex Krimsey, America's authority on sexual and erotic practises. We quote from his great work, *"Sex and the Single Giraffe,* or *What Ever Happened To Billie Dove?"* Naturally, we have had to censor some of the gamier, more bizarre phrases and expressions.

Dr. Krimsey writes, "When it comes to sex, I would like to point out that ——— and ——— do not ——. But ——— ——— ——— ———. Furthermore, we must ——— ——— ——— and ——— if the bedroom is ———, but not otherwise."

In a brilliant though daring passage, Dr. Krimsey then goes on to state that "Men and women must ——— and ———. They should also ——— ———!! However, this does not ——— nor ——— nor ——— his legs. On the other hand, the woman can ——— ——— ———!!!"

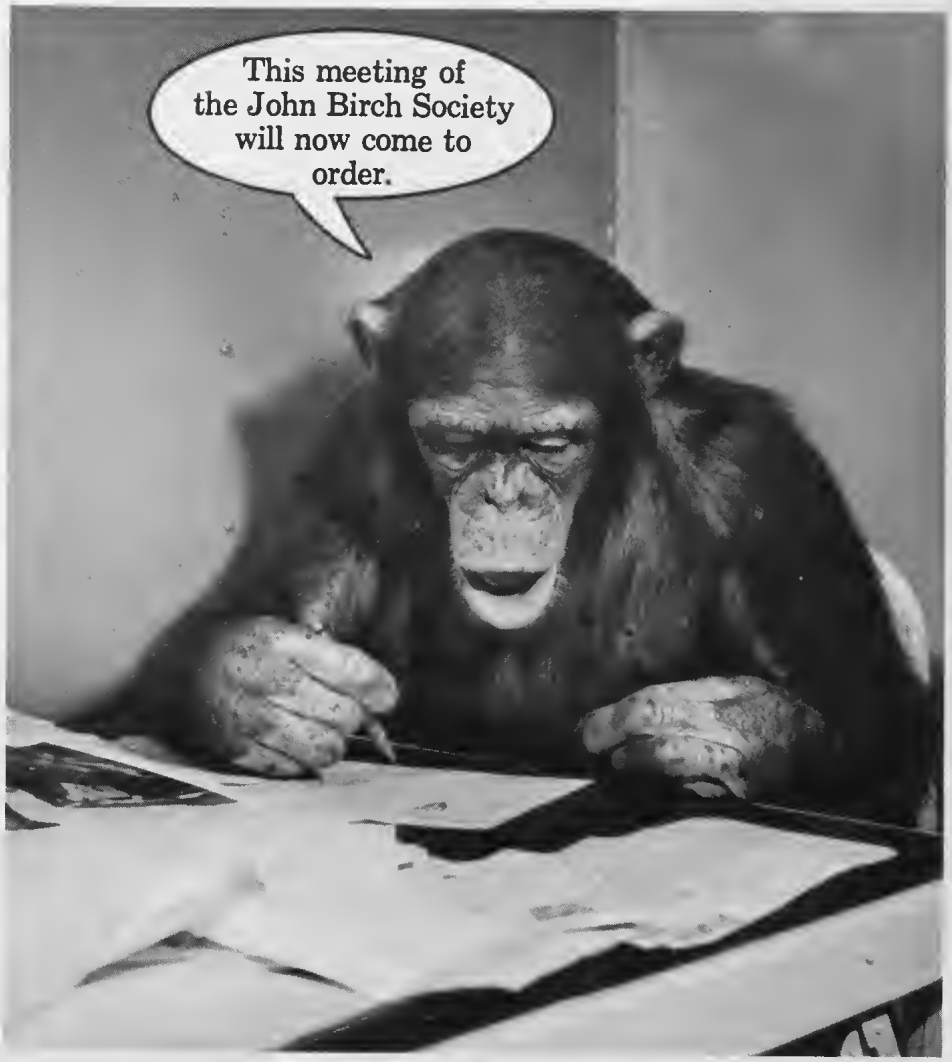
In conclusion, Krimsey affirms in ringing tones, "We *must* ———! We *must* ———! Only then, can we ———!!!!"

LAFFBOY magazine stands solidly behind these deathless words. But does that end our discussion of sex? Definitely not! Why? Because there's still room left on the page. Furthermore, I, beloved publisher Hugh Huffpuffer, firmly believe that no serious discussion of sex can take place without mentioning women. At least not in our crowd.

Women, in our opinion, are taking over! Instead of the pursued, they are becoming the pursuers. Instead of the hunted, they are becoming the hunters. They even have special techniques which they use to trap and snare poor unsuspecting males, who they then drag off kicking and screaming to the boudoir.

Here, based on personal research, are some of the approaches being used by today's predatory females to snare their men:

(1) THIS THING IS BIGGER THAN THE TWO OF US. A tricky technique, based on romantic legends like Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet, Frankie and Johnny. Men, please note that all of these romantic couples wound up in the chowder. ***(Continued on next page)***



GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

(2) YOU'RE DIFFERENT FROM ALL THOSE OTHER FELLOWS. This approach is based on flattery—a sure fire way to lower a man's defenses. All men like to be put on a pedestal. Beware the woman who does so—she'll eventually knock you off.

(3) IT'S A NORMAL INSTINCT AND NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. Thanks to people like Sigmund Freud, Henry Miller and Grace Metalious, this approach has gained great popularity in the last ten years. When using it, women play subtly on male fears that resistance may indicate serious neurosis.

(4) LET'S HAVE OUR JOLLIES WHILE THE WORLD IS STILL IN ONE PIECE. What with atom bombs and cold wars causing world tension, this approach is a steady winner. Many a fine lad has surrendered to a sly wench out of a sense of futility.

(5) JUST THINK OF ME AS YOUR BIG SISTER. Perhaps the deadliest ploy of all. This line woos the innocent male into a false sense of security. He swills his booze, opens his tie and takes off his jacket to "get comfortable." Suddenly he's en route to the bedroom, and a life of shame.

Do some of you think I exaggerate? No, indeed, pussycats. You would feel differently if you had seen the degradation that I've seen. Male harems! Innocent youths seduced into white slavery! Hopeless, beaten men prowling the Place Pigalle, swinging their purses under the gas lamps! Which is a neat trick in itself, considering that there haven't been any gas lamps on the Place Pigalle since 1816.

Ah, how well I remember Paris in 1816! Good old Henry Paris. Where is he now? How well I remember the chestnut trees on the Champs Elysee, Toulouse-Lautrec doing the twist on the Rue de Rivoli, John Gilbert and Renee Adoree marching off bravely to the trenches at Verdun!

Which brings us, inevitably, back to sex. And to our final message: LAFFBOY believes that there's too much talk about sex and not enough action. We say, take sex out of the magazines, out of the comic strips, out of television . . . and put it back in the gutter where it belongs.

A reader in the balcony has a question. If sex belongs in the gutter, how come there's so much of it in LAFFBOY? Because, dear reader, LAFFBOY belongs in the gutter, too . . . *that's* how come. But perhaps the whole subject was most perfectly summed up by Dr. Krimsey himself, when he wrote with such wit and understanding, "As far as sex is concerned, let us all _____ and then _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ without fear of _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____!"

P. Vortex Krimsey, the world is in your debt.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS LAFFBOY?

He's a modern man—urbane, witty, sophisticated, penniless. In all months without an "R", the world is his oyster. Nothing surprises the LAFFBOY man. Like a good Swiss watch, he's shock-proof . . . and like a good Swiss watch, he's always on the run. He's the kind of man who's been everywhere . . . seen everything . . . done everybody. And he NEVER misses a copy of LAFFBOY . . . if he can swipe the sixty cents to buy one.

WHAT IS BRIGITTE BARDOT'S GUILTY SEX SECRET?

No star shines more brightly in our screen firmament than the delightful French film actress, Brigitte Bardot. Millions of words have been penned about BB the sexpot . . . BB the temptress . . . BB the bunny of the boudoir. In recent years, lurid stories and rumors have dogged Bardot's career . . . but it has remained for LAFFBOY (naturally) to ask the one big, ultimate question: WHAT IS BRIGITTE BARDOT'S GUILTY SEX SECRET?

The answer? Well, now. Be reasonable, gang. How would we know? You think we're magicians? We're not sure she **has** any secrets, guilty or otherwise. **Besides, we hate gossip.** But we do know she's a dandy actress. We also know she's great to look at . . . and our "interview" on the following pages gives us a chance to look at a lot more of her.

TURN PAGE FOR EXCLUSIVE LAFFBOY INTERVIEW

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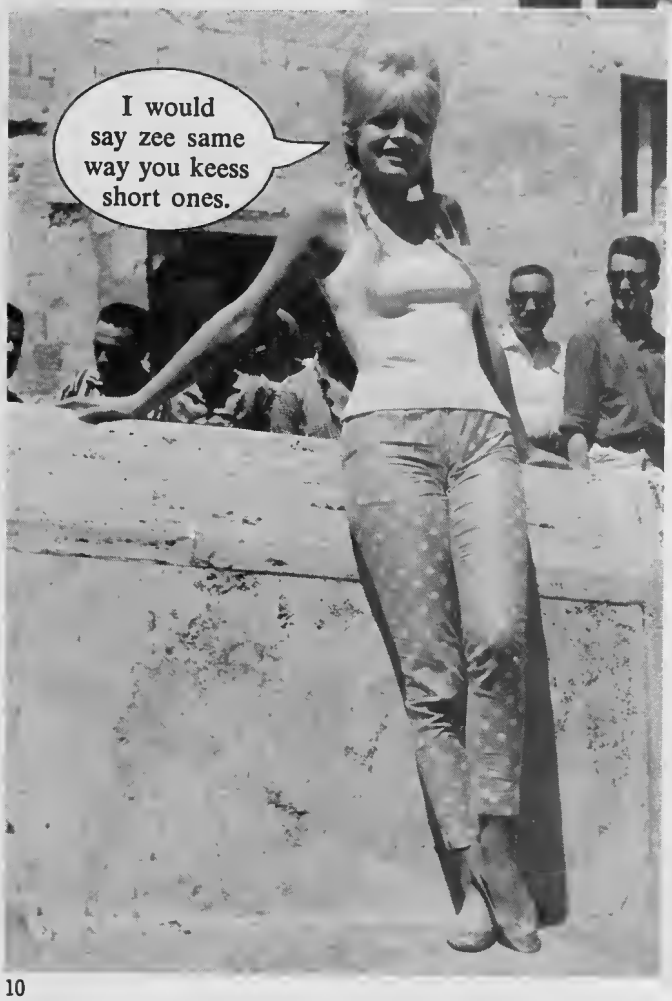
TURN PAGE FOR EXCLUSIVE LAFFBOY INTERVIEW

LAFFBOY INTERVIEWER:

Miss Bardot, did you and your various husbands have lengthy courtships?

LAFFBOY INTERVIEWER:

Can you offer our female readers advice on how long men should be kissed?



LAFFBOY INTERVIEWER:

You have a reputation as an intellectual. Have you ever read Victor Hugo?

LAFFBOY INTERVIEWER:

Is it true that Frenchmen usually make the best lovers?

LAFFBOY INTERVIEWER:

What do you like best, next to a handsome, virile man?

LAFFBOY INTERVIEWER:

When a bride is on her honeymoon, what should she be interested in seeing?

Now it can be told ....

WE WENT OVER THE BERLIN

BRAVE CREW—Photo, smuggled out by U.S. agents, shows crew which supposedly took part in the daring escape. Faces have been masked to prevent reprisals, since boat trip was not authorized by National Maritime Union.

In 1961 the Russians threw an ugly concrete wall across the heart of Berlin, cutting the city in two. Since then, hundreds of brave East Berliners have crashed the wall and gained freedom in the Western sector.

Escapes of this sort take great courage and daring. But perhaps the strangest story of all has yet to be told. It is the story of a fearless group of people who evaded Berlin's dread "Vopos" and went over the wall in a souped-up Chriscraft!

Did this incredible escape really take place? How was it carried out? Are the dramatic facts locked away in the secret files of the CIA? The OSS? The WCTU?

The full truth is still shrouded in mystery, but LAFFBOY has tracked many of the exciting rumors to their source. Results of this gripping survey are presented for our readers on these pages.

THE PLATZ THICKENS—As news of the venture spreads through Berlin's huge Potsdammer Platz, a hush falls over the waiting crowd. Hush, not visible here, was quickly removed by Communist border guards.

CONCRETE FACT—Section of the wall near the breakthrough point. The barrier, erected hastily, is crude and shabby looking. Efforts to paper wall in an attractive floral print have thus far met with rebuff.*

*Vyacheslav K. Rebuff, East German Minister of Interior.

WALL - - BY BOAT!

SEEING RED—When News of the escape reached the Kremlin, the Soviet Premier is reported to have gone into a towering rage, from which he had to be dragged bodily by members of Politburo staff.

MYSTERY SHIP—Is this the craft used in the dramatic dash to freedom? The answer may never be known. But regardless of the mystery, LAFFBOY salutes the brave crew and their courageous slogan: "Getting There Is Half The Fun."

The amazing "inside story" as told to ace reporter Ferd Pevney

A MODERN LIVING FEATURETTE . . .

- ARE YOU GIVING MORE ORGIES AND ENJOYING THEM LESS?
- HAVE THE NEIGHBORS STOPPED COMPLAINING?
- DO YOUR BEST FRIENDS CALL YOU A REVEL-POOPER?

PUT MORE ZIP IN YOUR ORGIES

(If your answer to any of these questions is yes . . . this article is definitely for *you.*)

No American pastime, with the possible exception of dominoes, is more popular today than the old-fashioned orgy. A pleasant community bacchanal is indeed the *perfect* ice-breaker—a good way to meet new friends and make old ones.

But many people fail to realize that a successful debauch doesn't "just happen." On the contrary, it takes *lots of planning and hard work.* The host and hostess must create the right blend of wine, women and song if the merry festivities (as shown here) are indeed to be socially rewarding.

TURN PAGE FOR HELPFUL "HOW-TO-DO" HINTS . . .

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TURN PAGE FOR HELPFUL "HOW-TO-DO" HINTS . . .

1 Fleur Flotney, LAFFBOY's home entertainment expert, and authoress of runaway best-seller, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Hangover."

2 Common pitfall for beginners is presence of too many women, known as "overwench." This can result in dull party. Proper ratio: 3 adult women (or 2½ nymphets) to every healthy male.

3 Latest progressive jazz is an orgy "must."

4 Host and hostess, according to Miss Flotney, should encourage guests to indulge in wild, abandoned, Kraft-Ebbingish episodes, preferably with the opposite sex.

5 Another "must": exotic food, such as this lavish spread served by the Lester B. Sternwallows at recent fund-raising debauch for Christine Keeler Scholarship Foundation.

6 Typical bacchanal at the home of Dr. and Mrs. T. Otis Fumpfer. In addition to group therapy and panty raids, guests took part in games such as "Spin the Wino" and "Musical Beds."

1

4

2

3

5

6

The secret of a fun orgy is planning. Fleur Flotney says: "ANTICIPATE WHILE YOU DISSIPATE."

WENZEL'S WENCHES

"Mr. Faversham, do you *always* sit down when you light somebody's cigarette?"

Magazines for men like to run articles on male attire, but the big problem is to make these fashion articles interesting. And how do they do it? Do they cram the pages full of clothes? Don't be silly—they cram 'em full of girls. Who cares about clothes, anyway? To show exactly how this works, here's LAFFBOY's own version of . . .

FASHIONS FOR THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

1

Handsome, checked sports shirt, for casual evenings at home. Made of crease-resistant saran wrap. Available in a variety of combinations: aqua on crimson, green on ochre, Blackstone on Torts. Price: $42.98 up.

FASHIONS FOR THE
MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

2 Town and country snap-brim hat. Debonair, crush-proof, just right for those long, lazy afternoons at the old ranch. Made of genuine Lebanese yak hair. Price: $1.19 to $86.25.

3 All-weather trenchcoat—an international favorite from Madison Avenue, to the Champs Elysee, to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Tailored of crease-resistant natural cheesecloth. Colors: biege, lichee nut, ecru and yogurt.

4 Rugged Shell-cordovan footwear for gay social evenings in town, Available in matched pairs, or two left feet. Colors: brown, blue, pink, iguana. When ordering, specify size and number of shoes desired.

5 Polka-dot bow tie—a must for night-clubbing in style. Tie illustrated is made of new miracle fabric, *lackluster*. Available at skid row missions everywhere (with or without light-up bulbs).

Laffboy investigates a rumor...

THE RUSSIANS HAVE A MAN ON THE MOON!

According to secret reports reaching our desk, America is falling farther behind than ever in the race for outer space. In fact, LAFFBOY has reason to believe that **the Russians already have a cosmonaut on the moon!!**

Definite proof cannot as yet be obtained, but many clues abound. Note, for example, the startling moon photo reproduced on this page, taken with a wide-angle satellite camera at close range. Careful study (see arrow) reveals a large collection of **empty vodka bottles.** This indicates not only that the Russians already have a man on the moon—but that he is suffering from a miserable hangover.

Turn page for more amazing details!

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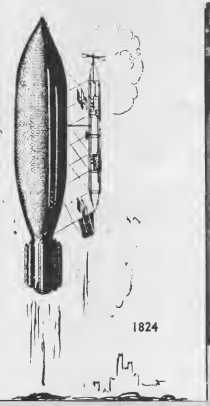
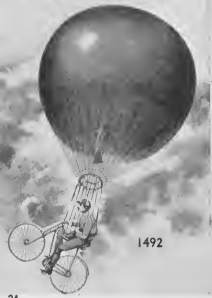
Turn page for more amazing details!

Technical photos and sketches, below, show various methods tried by the Russians in their diabolical drive to win a red beach-head in space. Figures show year in which each method was developed:



1824

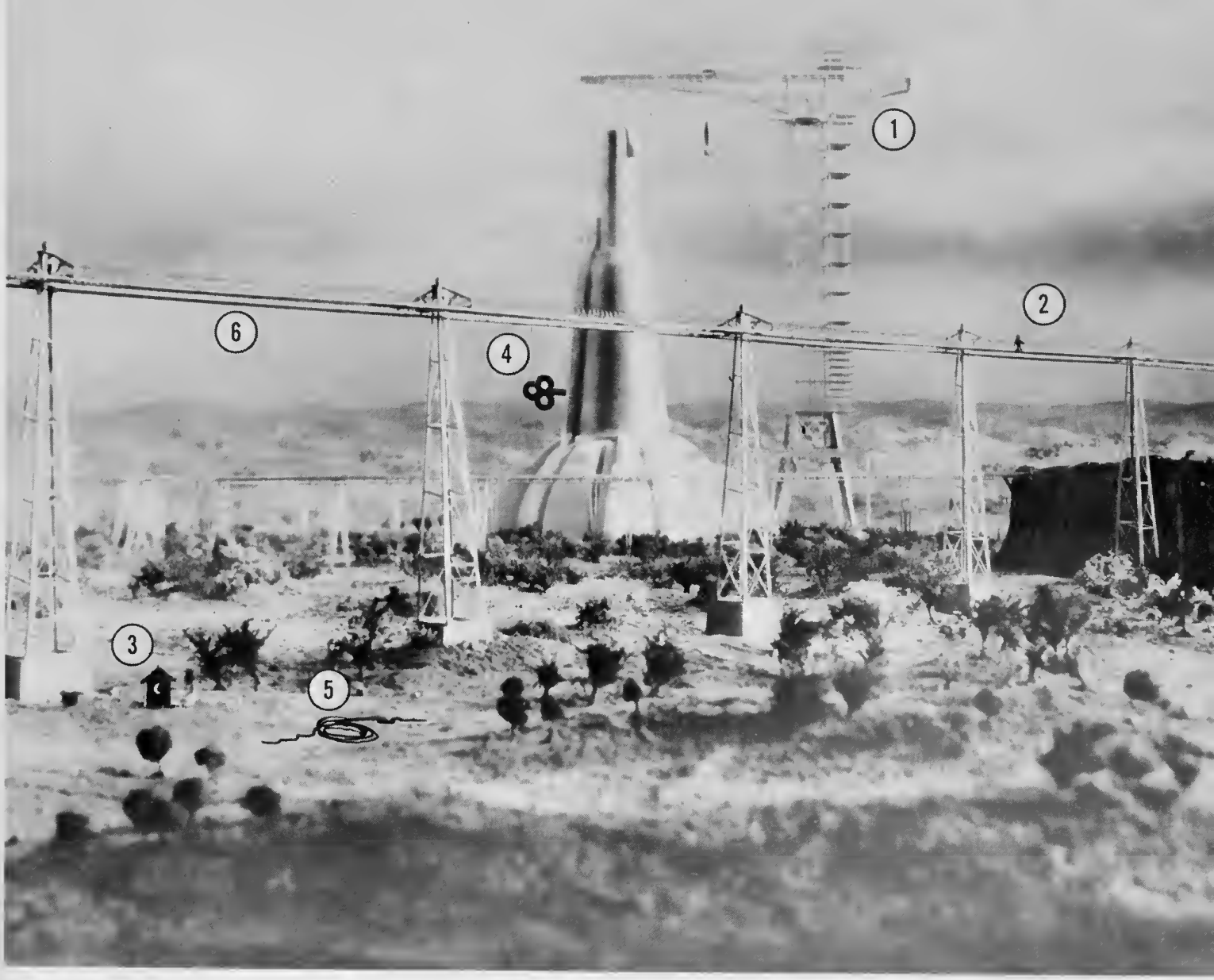
1984



1492

1658

1963

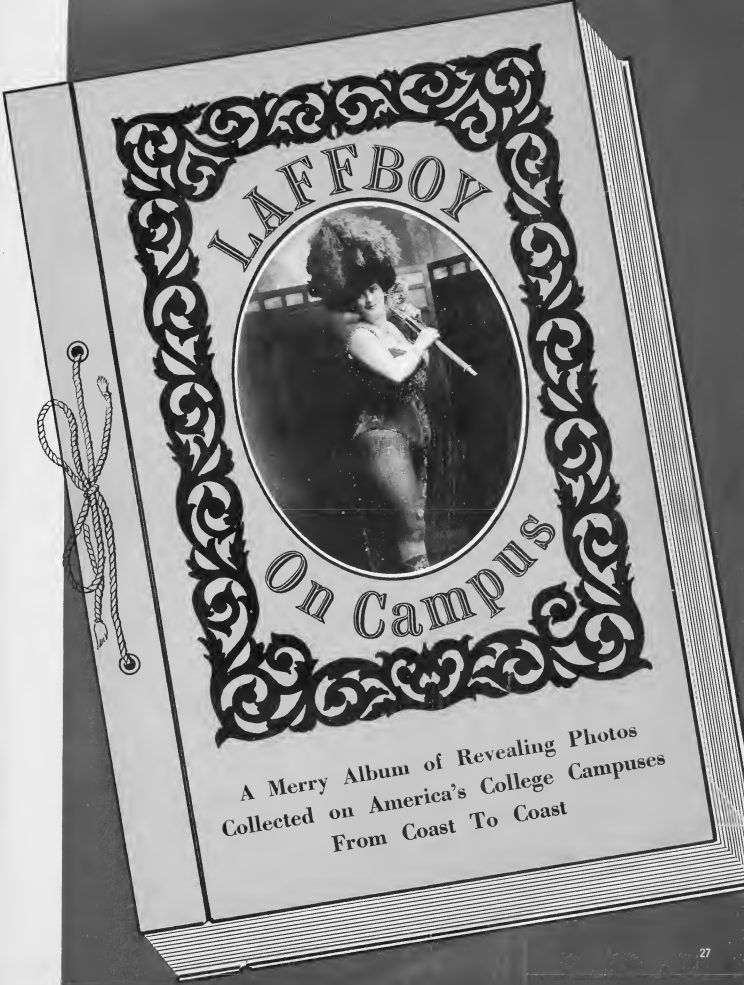


IS THIS RUSSIA'S SECRET MOON-LAUNCH SITE?

This dramatic, top-secret photo is believed by many to show the actual site of Russia's moon rocket program. Numbers pinpoint the key parts of this complex installation: (1) Gantry Crane; (2) Irving Crane; (3) Comfort station; (4) Key for winding up rocket; (5) Rope used to tie hysterical astronauts in place; (6) Leftover Disneyland monorail.

AND NOW... FOR LAFFBOY'S SCOOP OF THE CENTURY! TURN PAGE TO SEE ACTUAL PICTURE OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN TO LAND ON THE MOON ⇨

"Da! Very comfortable here on moon. Tomorrow I put up big concrete wall!"


LAFFBOY
On Campus
A Merry Album of Revealing Photos
Collected on America's College Campuses
From Coast To Coast

ANNUAL "MUD ROMP" HELD AT THE GWIRTZ SCHOOL OF EEL-JELLYING. HERE, MERRY STUDENTS PLAY "DROWN-THE-DEAN."

DORA BLSTFR OF ZILCH CENTRAL, SHOWN MODELLING TOPLESS SWIMSUIT. WHEN INFORMED THAT TOPLESS SUIT WAS AGAINST RULES, DORA PROMPTLY TOOK IT OFF.

FROSH AT QUAGMIRE NORMAL PREPARE TO HANG THE FOOTBALL COACH IN EFFIGY. (EFFIGY IS TOWN NEAREST TO QUAGMIRE CAMPUS).

RODNEY VLETCH, B.M.O.C. AT DROPOUT TECH, MODELS LATEST SCHOOL FASHION -- EMBROIDERED CAPE LOOKS BEST WHEN WORN WITH SEQUINED SNEAKERS.

STERNWALLOW HALL -- POPULAR HANGOUT AT PHRUMP UNIVERSITY. STERNWALLOW BOASTS HIGHEST PTOMAINE RATE ON EASTERN SEABOARD.

CHAMPION COLLEGE PANTY-RAIDER ORVILLE SFORZ, SHOWN HERE AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FORAY. ORVILLE FOLLOWS THEORY THAT PANTIES SHOULD BE STOLEN WHILE GIRLS ARE STILL INSIDE.

COMELY MAIDENS AT PFUMFER TECH PRACTISE ANCIENT RITUAL OF BOY- HARPOONING. GIRLS MAY HOOK ANY MALE SWIMMING IN LAKE--THOSE UNDER 120 POUNDS MUST BE THROWN BACK.

A FAMILIAR WEEK-END SCENE: STUDENTS AT WHATSITTA U. GATHER ROUND THE PHONE BOOTH WAITING TO MAKE COLLECT CALLS TO FAMILIES BEGGING FOR CARE PACKAGES.

BEAUTIFUL NEW STUDENT PARKING LOT AT LETHARGY NORMAL. IN ORDER TO ACCOMODATE ALL CARS, AREA USES LATEST STACK-PARKING METHODS.

ALL ABOARD! UNDERGRADS AT KORNOGRAPH CENTRAL PREPARE FOR FIELD TRIP. PURPOSE: TO SURVEY LOCAL TATTOO PARLORS AND CREMATORIUMS.

LOVABLE, IVY-COVERED DEAN QUAGMIRE NROOT, PROFESSOR OF SEX HYGIENE AT MAYHEM TECH, SHOWN HERE ANNOUNCING HIS RETIREMENT. DEAN NROOT WILL BECOME A GENTLEMAN YAK HERDER.

FORMAL PORTRAIT OF DR. LIVINGSTON I. PRESUME, NEW FOOTBALL COACH AT HALLOWED NOODNIK U. IN ADDITION TO HER GRIDIRON DUTIES, DR. PRESUME WILL LECTURE ON "HOW TO TALK DIRTY IN SWAHILI."

SCENES WE NEVER EXPECT TO SEE *

*A LAFFBOY composo-graph

Fidel Seeks Asylum on Wall Street

Presenting
LAFFBOY'S
Laffmate Of The Month

Miss Jacquelin Dupon

Laffgirl-Of-The-Month

MISS PANQUETZALIZTLI*

(*LAFFBOY operates on the Aztec Calendar)

Laffgirl-Of-The-Month

MISS PANQUETZALIZTLI*

(*LAFFBOY operates on the Aztec Calendar)

It's been over since 1945? Sergeant, why wasn't I informed?

THE 1965 LAFFBOY

ALL-THAT-JAZZ POLL

Flotney

Butterworth

Gutbucket

HERE IT IS—THE POLL YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENTALIST IN EACH CATEGORY BY PUTTING AN "X" IN THE CORRECT BOX:

TUNING FORK

- ☐ "Bird" Nerfernorf
- ☐ Luddy Von Beethoven
- ☐ Zoot Flotney
- ☐ Muggsy Clavichord

GLOCKENSPIEL

- ☐ Henny Penny
- ☐ Lenny Penny
- ☐ Benny Penny
- ☐ Kenny Penny

SWEET POTATO

- ☐ Gert Gutbucket
- ☐ "Strings" Sternwallow
- ☐ Mildew McCormack

BAGPIPES

- ☐ "Vibes" Brisket
- ☐ J. C. M. Butterworth
- ☐ Thelonius Gwirtz
- ☐ Lack Luster
- ☐ Hurdy M. Gurdy

DULCIMER

- ☐ Cliff Hanger
- ☐ Brick Outhouse
- ☐ Swash Buckler
- ☐ Art Nouveau

TENOR SACKBUT

- ☐ Happy
- ☐ Sneezy
- ☐ Sleepy
- ☐ Grumpy
- ☐ Dopey
- ☐ Bashful
- ☐ Doc

CASTANETS

- ☐ Wild Bill Osserfvogel
- ☐ Franny Glass
- ☐ Chop-Chop O'Reilly

COMB AND TISSUE PAPER

- ☐ Cannonball Sforz
- ☐ "Pops" Vetch
- ☐ Patty Flugelhorn
- ☐ Jo-jo Brahms

VOTING INSTRUCTIONS:

1) When completed, tear out ballots along dotted lines.
2) Fold first page into small paper airplane.
3) Sail out window.
4) Fold second page into Origami bird.
5) Place in garbage can.

(Don't bother *us* with anything . . . we're *tired* of all that jazz!)

Sternwallow

Flugelhorn

Osserfvogel

A unique research report based on the careful observation of 48—charming coeds—48

STUDY IN DEPTH

by ***WILLIAM F. STOKES***

This thesis explores the habits and activities of the young, unmarried female in her natural habitat. In preliminary conferences with Professor Dilton K. Thomas, who served as advisor during the project, it was decided to approach our research without a premise, since little or nothing existed on which to base one.

The field work was done on the WU campus, and was financed through a grant from the Playtug Corporation. The research center consisted of a small room (Point A) on the fourth floor of a somewhat rundown, roach-ridden rooming house located 327.04 feet from the exact center of Ann Emily Hall, a girls dormitory.

Equipment consisted of notebook, pencils, kneepads, penlight, a pair of Japanese-made 8 x 50 binoculars and a 20-power spotting scope for close detail work.

The first week of observation was taken up with general classification of the coeds (Continued on page 63)

7:30
7:36PM
23/11
#12
#13

A unique research report based on the careful observation of 48—charming coeds—48

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STUDY IN DEPTH

This thesis explores the habits and activities of the young, unmarried female in her natural habitat. In preliminary conferences with Professor Dilton K. Thomas, who served as advisor during the project, it was decided to approach our research without a premise, since little or nothing existed on which to base one.

The field work was done on the WU campus, and was financed through a grant from the Playtug Corporation. The research center consisted of a small room (Point A) on the fourth floor of a somewhat rundown, roach-ridden rooming house located 327.04 feet from the exact center of Ann Emily Hall, a girls dormitory.

Equipment consisted of notebook, pencils, kneepads, penlight, a pair of Japanese-made 8 x 50 binoculars and a 20-power spotting scope for close detail work.

The first week of observation was taken up with general classification of the coeds (Continued on page 63)

LAFFBOY In Limerick Land

There was a shy fellow named Finn
Who thought that sex was a sin,
But when he got tight
It seemed jolly all right,
So he kept himself sozzled on gin.

* * *

There was a young girl from Devizes
Whose breasts were two different sizes,
One was so small
It was no use at all,
But the other won medals and prizes.

* * *

A sexy young call-girl named Price
Once said, "I suppose it's a vice,
But one thing I know:
Love-making for dough,
Well, frankly, it's pretty darn nice!"

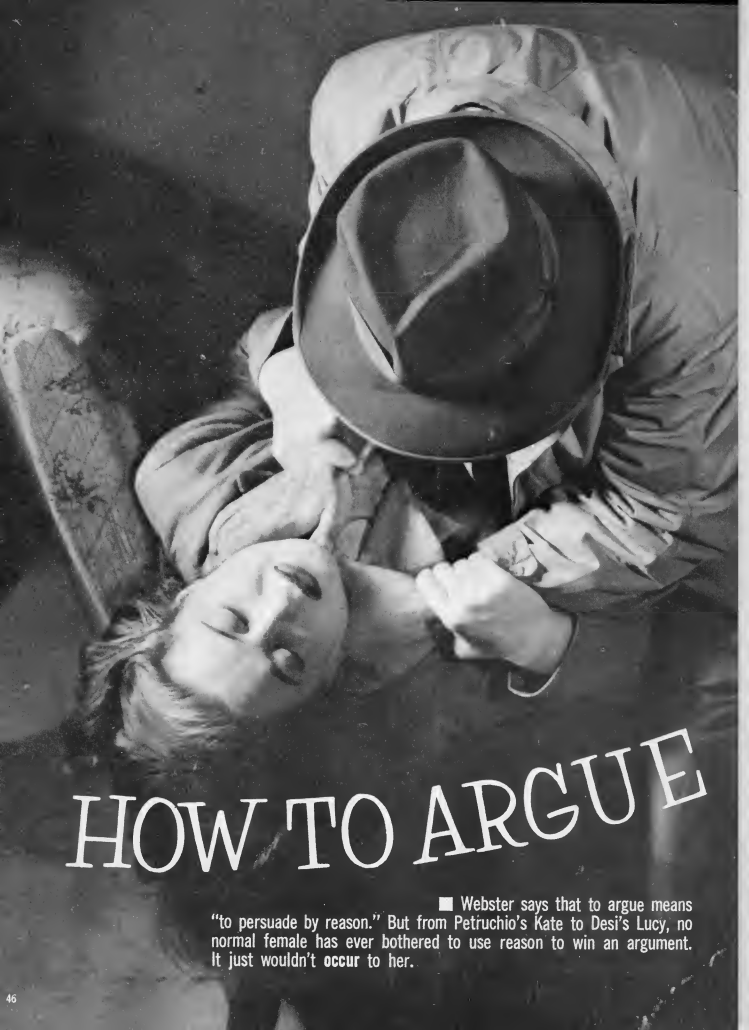
* * *

A fat boy who lived near the Amazon
Put a nightgown of his grama's on,
He said, "No, my dear,
I'm not **really** a queer,
I just can't get my own pajamas on."

* * *

There once was a girl from Madras
Who had a most beautiful ass—
'Twas not what you think,
All rounded and pink,
But was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

YANKEE GO HOME
Professor, are you *sure* there's no life on Mars?
LANDING SKID



HOW TO ARGUE WITH A WOMAN

■ Webster says that to argue means "to persuade by reason." But from Petruchio's Kate to Desi's Lucy, no normal female has ever bothered to use reason to win an argument. It just wouldn't **occur** to her.

By DR. QUENTIN Z. NERFERNORF

■ When a woman argues, the fingers of reason lose their grip on the ledge of sanity. Words take on the quality of cooked mush. Logic strips its gears. Judgment flees.

No man who's tried to win an argument with a female will ever be the same. Some males have been scarred for life because they disobeyed Rule Number One for living at peace with a woman: LET HER MIND ALONE.

Why is it so hard to argue with a dame? A poll, taken at an educational institute called Smiley's Bar, produced the following answers—

Women don't fight fair.
Women don't know their own minds.
Women don't *have* minds.
Women are intellectually superior.

The last was volunteered by a lost soul who had had one drink—or argument—too many. But majority opinion held that women simply don't recognize logic when they see it.

Take the example of one suburban gentleman: He and his wife were invited to an important dinner party in town, and he planned on catching the 7:13 train. His wife was late dressing—so he stood at the bottom of the stairs, pleading with her to hurry. Ready at last, they rushed to the station—just in time to wave bye bye to the departing 7:13.

Did this bother the little woman? Did she show the slightest trace of guilt or remorse? Not a bit. "If you hadn't rushed me like that," she snapped, "we wouldn't have so long to wait for the *next* train."

A rather special case, of course. But most women do follow predictable patterns. Here are a few basic techniques that have been used for generations by females determined to get their own way—and everybody else's:

● The NIAGARA FALLS Method—Based on the axiom, "When all else fails, *cry*." This has been a sure-fire winner since the invention of tears.

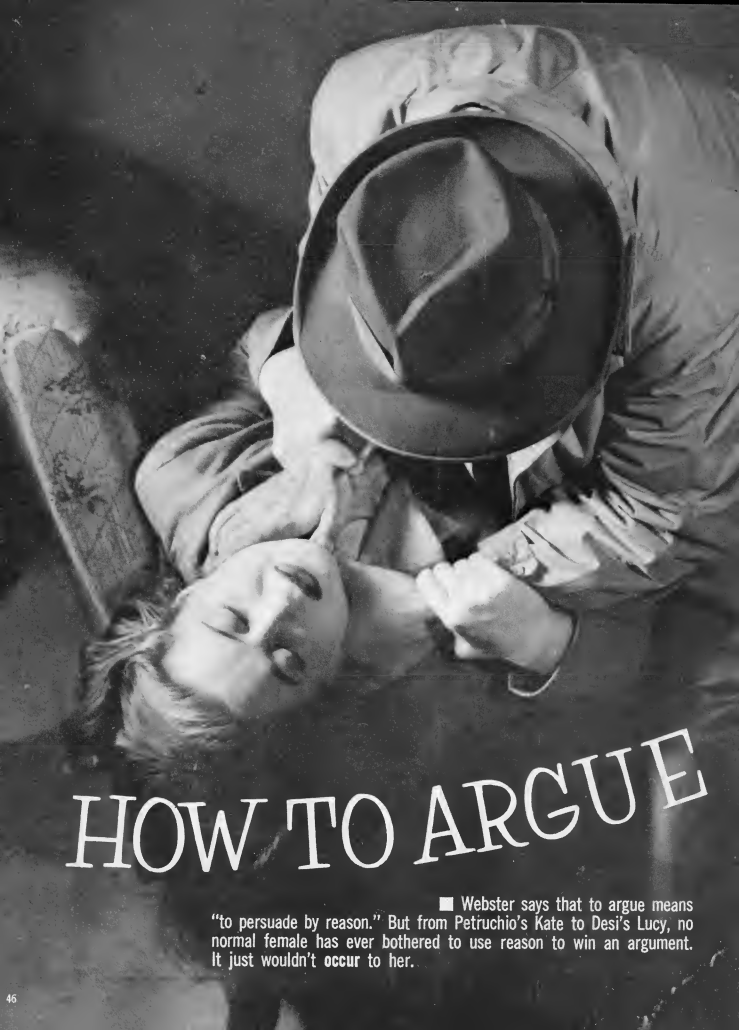
● The LET'S-PUT-IT-ON-A-PERSONAL-BASIS Method—Sex usually rears its head at a crucial point, *if* your opposition is smart enough. Class this as the ultimate weapon.

● The TUG-O'-MY-HEART Method—An emotional gambit favored by many females. It is based on a variation of the old theme: "You wouldn't act like this if you really *loved* me!"

● The STRONG-ARM Method—Some women prefer to argue with their throwing arms. You may run into a bean ball artist—but, for the most part, female aim is no better than female logic.

● The AND-ANOTHER-THING Method—This involves tangling the male in a verbal web of irrelevant detail, personal insult, ancient wrongs, etc. An effective issue confuser.

There *are* counter-measures that can be taken—but perhaps the best solution to the whole thing was voiced by John Barrymore—a man schooled in babe-battling. Said the late, great Mr. B: "The only way to really fight a woman is with your hat—grab it and run."



HOW TO ARGUE

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WITH A WOMAN

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(LAFFLINES)

A sexy young chorine was shopping in a department store. Undulating up to the lingerie counter, she asked the salesgirl: "Do you have a nightgown with big red polka dots?"

"Red polka dots?" the startled salesgirl repeated.

"Yes," purred the chorine. "I'm getting married today, and I'd like to have *something* to surprise my husband with."

•

Then there was the drive-in theater manager who decided that if business got any worse he would start showing movies.

•

Patient to her doctor: "The first time my husband is untrue to me, I will kill myself."

Doctor: "And what will you do the second time?"

•

A group of wives were sitting on the porch of the clubhouse at the golf course. For some reason, the locker room door was partly open and the girls could see a nude man whose head and shoulders were covered by a bath towel.

After studying the man's body, one of the girls said it was not her husband. A second girl gazed at the man and said: "That isn't my husband, either." The third girl, more the playgirl type, studied the man intently, then said: "Why, he isn't even a member of the club!"

•

Then there was the young bride who was learning to cook with wine. A fine idea, sure. But her husband suspected her of overdoing it when, for dinner, she served him a glass of veal cutlet.

•

Add daffynitions:

EXCLAMATION POINT—A period that's blown its top.

EGOMANIA—Somebody suffering from a case of I-strain.

BOYCOTT—Couch at the sorority house.

So this chick finally figured out a way to cure her boy friend of stuttering: she started calling him long distance, collect.

•

Salesman overheard at corner pub. "I know business is picking up, Charlie. I'm starting to lose bigger orders!"

•

In Miami Beach a dazzling blonde bumped into a man as both rounded a corner. They drew back, apologized to each other, stepped forward—and bumped again. The same thing happened a third time. The man smiled, raised his hat and said, "Just once more, madam, and then I really must go."

•

PARTY LINE

Wolf (to new chick): How about it?

N.C.: Your apartment or mine?

Wolf (annoyed): If we're going to have such a big discussion about it, forget the whole thing!

The family was very disturbed. Grandfather Jim, all of 75, had decided to get married and had chosen a young thing of 21.

One of Grandfather's sons got hold of him and pleaded: "Dad, you can't go through with this marriage! A thing like this could prove fatal!"

"So what," said Grandfather, undisturbed. "If she dies, I'll just get married again."

•

Him: Marrying Elsie was a tough break for poor old George. She made a millionaire out of him.

Her: What's tough about that?

Him: He was a multi-millionaire when they got married.

•

Overheard at a recent cocktail bash: "Yes—to err is human, but it feels divine."

•

And according to a medical friend of ours, tight clothes do not stop a girl's circulation. The tighter the clothes, sez he, the more she circulates. (Ouch!)

Laffgirls Revisited

A dozen frisky fillies from LAFFBOY's beauty corral

Despite the fact that this is only our second issue, LAFFBOY happily joins the trend by publishing photos of its pin-up girls of yesteryear. All these chicks, from pert Mau Mau Van Doren to charming Patti Ann Entwhistle, are pretty special. Many have gone on to bigger and better things. Lydia Oxblight, for example, is now assistant night clerk at the Municipal Shelter. And lovely Choo Choo Sfortz was just made secretary of the American Date Stuffers Association (ADSA). Which of these beauties is *your* favorite? Cast your ballot and help her win a place in our year-end "Top Dogs" category.

MAU MAU VAN DOREN, *March 1923*

CLEOPATRA O'NILE, *January 44 (B.C.)*

LaVERNE PFLSTBR, *April 1958*

MINERVA SCURVY, *July 1888*

YESTERDAY JONES, *November 1962*

LYDIA OXBLIGHT, *May 1937*

CANDY KEELY, *December 1776*

AVA JAILBAIT, *June 1963*

MELISSANDE FLOTNEY, *February 1492*

RAMONA RICE-DAVIES, *August 1929*

CHOO CHOO SFORTZ, *October 1945*

PATTI ANN ENTWHISTLE, *September 1961*

WIZARDS TOUCH

When Wilt met Cathy it was pure magic... in more ways than one!

By DAVE EPPERSON

Years ago, back in junior high school, Wilt Masters had become interested in girls. But they weren't interested in him. One day, alone, idly leafing through a magazine and thinking about girls, Wilt happened across a small advertisement which boasted: "Be the life of the party! Amaze your friends!" His interest aroused, he read on: *"MAGIC* can make *YOU* welcome in any group."

He looked again at the boldfaced letters, *"MAGIC"* and *"YOU."* He sent away for the catalog.

After the catalog came he had ordered a few simple tricks—the disappearing ball, the mummy case and a set of Chinese rings. He quickly mastered these, but no one invited him to parties which he could be the life of. He sent for, received and perfected a chain and handcuff escape trick. The girls weren't interested.

Wilt trained his hands to manipulate cards, taught his mouth to accept the sharp sting of benzine for the fire eating routine, and spent his summer earnings on a levitation device. Of course, he would have rather used his hands, lips and earnings on girls.

Vases, cones, false-bottomed tables, hats, handkerchiefs, paper flowers, wands and cages cluttered his room.

During his college years Wilt began to be invited to parties—alone. "You're wonderful for an ice breaker," a small, tightly packed brunette had purred candidly. But then she had disappeared into a bedroom with a varsity football player, while Wilt was busy extracting an egg from the ear of his host.

Wilt had helped himself to a degree in business administration by playing magician for church groups and service clubs.

During the five years he worked as an accountant for an auditing firm, Wilt's skill had improved considerably and the demand for him to perform at parties had grown. Somehow his contact with girls of his age group had decreased.

A Jayne Mansfield-type blonde he met at a party had told him, when he called her later for a date, "Your hands are altogether too clever, Mr. Masters, A girl has to protect herself, you know." Her husky laugh had been meant to take the sting out of her words of refusal.

Through his lonely, non-party evenings, Wilt had read everything he could find on the history of magic and of the great magicians, Houdini and Blackstone. He could have carried on a conversation in depth on the subject of witchcraft and wizardry. No one he knew cared to talk about magic. He once had tried to broach the subject of voodoo rites to a deep-breasted redhead. But when he mentioned the drinking of goats' blood, her peach pink skin had turned pale gray and she had hurried away. Wilt could remember her hips. There had been a certain magic in the way they moved.

That type of magic, Wilt reflected as he produced a white dove from a box which previously had appeared empty, was a far cry from spending one's spare hours raising herbs of reputed magical power in one's apartment window box. Wilt's window box garden contained licorice root, mosses collected in cemeteries, a small hemlock seedling, mandrake, and wolfbane. He would have liked to have shown the collection to a girl, but not one had agreed to accompany him to his apartment. Even the skinny one with the thick glasses had said with a giggle, "You magicians are all alike—simply full of tricks."

Wilt's mind came back to the present as he completed his illusion with the dancing mystic sphere. A girl with long slim legs was necking with someone in a dark corner of the room. The host and hostess and the state runner-up in women's discus-throwing competition were the only ones who remained interested in his feats of magic. The others were busy.

Wilt quickly gathered his paraphernalia, bid all a polite good evening and left for home—alone as usual.

"Damn!" Wilt said aloud as he worked with a set of breakaway handcuffs while waiting for his breakfast coffee to percolate.

After breakfast, he said, "The *hell* with magic!" While he put on his

MORE ▶

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TOUCH

in more ways than one!

MORE ▶

Only a smile can * * * * * * * * * *
make you lovelier!

when you use...

LIPSTICKS

by

HAZEL BOTCHLIP

Available at better stores everywhere

dark gray tweed suit, he said, "Magic is for the birds." He decided to do something; maybe actually go into a bar and try to pick up some broad without once trying to rely on magic for a crutch. He considered dancing lessons. The idea of joining a ski club or a church choir full of bosomy sopranos crossed his mind.

He checked the knot in his tie, then for a finishing touch picked a sprig of wolfbane blossoms from the plant in the windowbox and thrust it through the buttonhole in his left lapel.

"I am *through* with magic," he said aloud. His purposeful stride carried him across the street from his apartment house and as far as the park.

"Damn!" he said as he realized that it was ten o'clock on Saturday morning, that most bars where broads might be found were either empty or closed, that dancing lessons were out of the question, that he didn't know where to look for a ski club meeting or even know how to ski, that most churches used Sunday for the big day, and that his resolve had suddenly evaporated.

He sat down on a park bench and stared at the crumpled gum wrappers and peanut shells between his cordovan oxfords and let lonely defeat wash over him. Despair prevented him from hearing the bright, positive click of high spike heels on the concrete walk until the clicking stopped directly in front of him.

He looked at the smart patent leather pumps, then at the slim ankles, the fullness of the calves and the smooth knees peeping below the hemline. The dress was basic black, but Wilt decided that what the dress contained was more elemental than basic. Full, ripe, inviting thighs and hips flowed outward, snug under the fabric, then the body tapered inward to the narrow waist. Wilt was embarrassed to find himself staring at two lovely breasts.

"Hello," she said. She might as well have said "sex," for that was the way the word sounded to him. A tingling flicker of desire sought out the hidden crannies of his mind.

"Beautiful day, isn't it?" Wilt said, meaning "beautiful face," because, indeed, the face was beautiful—heart-shaped, with blue eyes wide set, an overfull lower lip which almost pouted, a straight but slightly upturned nose, and the beginnings of a warm smile. Her hair was pulled into a neat roll at the back of her head. Its color looked to be not of the bought and paid for variety. The tiny black hat seemed to add a devil-may-care note to the entire pretty package.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" she said, and the tingle within Wilt immediately increased to an ache.

"Not at all," he said, somewhat too quickly.

"Saturday mornings are lonely," she said, sitting beside him on the bench, leaving less than a foot between them. Nylon things sighed invitingly under the dress as she moved.

(Continued on page 68)

Okay, okay—so I forgot to take out the garbage!

You were right, Mr. Sternwallow—a girl *can* have a good time without smoking or drinking.

See you later, honey. I have to go ride that damn horse.

A not so-ridiculous portfolio of

SONGS FOR WORLD WAR III

Whenever men have fought wars, they've written songs to go with them—marching tunes, patriotic ballads, all kinds of songs to help the cause.
Well, we've been worrying about World War III. Everyone with the brains of a clam hopes that there'll never be a WW III. But if it does come, the whole planet will be blown up so fast there won't be time for songs. There won't be anyone around to write them. Or sing them. Or hum them off key.
Since there won't be any world left after a nuclear war, the obvious solution is to sing the songs now, while there's still time.
The idea gives you goose flesh?
Us, too!

Let's all sing, gang...

MUSIC TO RADIOACTIVATE BY...

PACK UP YOUR RUBBLE

Pack up your rubble in your lead-lined bag
And smile . . . smile . . . smile.

While you've a pair of lips to call your own,
Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?
The fallout's getting vile,
SO . . .

Pack up your rubble in your lead-lined bag
And smile . . . smile . . . smile!

MAINE FELL ON ALABAMA

We lived our little drama,
We kissed in a blinding light,
When Maine fell on Alabama . . . last night.

I can't forget the trauma,
Oh, boy! What a gruesome sight,
When Maine fell on Alabama . . . last night.

I never saw in my imagination
A conflagration
So frightening . . .
A mushroom cloud that none could enter,
And in the center,
Just you and me
Dear . . .

My heart beat like a hammer,
Your hair turned a snowy white,
When Maine fell on Alabama . . . last night!

TRACEY JONES

Come all you fliers, if you want to hear
The story of a brave young bombardier,
Tracey Jones was the fly boy's name,
In a big B-70 he won his fame.

Doc Strangelove called Tracey at a quarter to four,
Checked out an H-bomb at the hangar door,
Mounted to the cockpit with his orders in his hand,
And took a farewell trip to the promised land.

Tracey Jones . . . mounted to the cockpit,
Tracey Jones . . . with his orders in his hand,
Tracey Jones . . . forgot to set the time fuse,
And took a farewell trip to the promised land!

LIGHTS OUT

Lights out, sweetheart,
One more shelter day is through.
Lights out, sweetheart,
Our rations tasted just like glue.

The strontium-90's mounting,
So kiss me tenderly . . .

Lights out, sweetheart,
Close your three eyes and dream of me.

FROM THE STREETS OF HIROSHIMA

From the streets of Hiroshima
To the shores of Tripoli,
We will activate our atom bombs
O'er the land and o'er the sea.

We will chastise all our enemies,
Launch our missiles without fuss . . .
But the catch is, while we're doing it
Maybe they'll drop some on us!

ALSO RECOMMENDED:

"I've Got A Feelin' It's Fallout"

"When Your Hair Has Turned To Cobalt"

"For He's A Jelly Good Fellow"

"There'll Be A Hot Line In The Old Town Tonight"

"London Bridge Is Falling Up"

"The Last Time I Saw Polaris"

"When The Mountain Comes Over The Moon"

"Nobody Knows De Rubble I've Seen"

I should go to a psychiatrist? What do you think I am—some kind of nut?

STUDY IN DEPTH

(Continued from page 43)

in the 48 rooms under observation. To facilitate record keeping, occupants were referred to as G-1 through G-48. The 48 G's were broken down into several basic groups, as follows:

HAIR COLOR

Brunette	27
Blonde (Genuine)	13
Blonde (Fake)	3
Redhead	3
Lavender (Fake)	1
Bald (Genuine)	1

FIGURE TYPE

Obese	5
Voluptuous—Bust	5
Bottom	8
Both	3
Average	13
Slim	7
Bony	6
Deplorable	1

Time was devoted to an examination of the G's study habits. The following chart represents our findings:

STUDY POSITIONS

Sit at desk	3
Lie on bed—Fully clothed	4
In underwear	15
Nude	5
Lie on floor—On back	7
On side	6
On stomach	3
Stand on head	1
Never study	4

It was at this stage that the spotting scope was acquired, and proved to be of untold value. Largely through the use of the scope, the following information was gained:

UNDERWEAR WORN

Panties, bra and girdle	5
Panties and bra	32
Bra only	4
Panties only	3
None	4

UNDRESSING TIME

Under three minutes	3
Between three and thirty minutes	8
Between thirty minutes and one hour	6
Between one and three hours	29
Never quite made it all the way before falling asleep	2

There were a number of peculiarities on the part of certain G's during the undressing period which are worthy of note. G-27, for example, exhibited a unique method of getting panties off the floor. Immediately upon stepping out of them, she would hook the big toe of her right foot in the garment, and, with a circular motion of her lower leg, toss the panties into the air and catch them with a one-handed grab.

G-14, on the other hand, removed hers by hooking the waistband elastic around the bottom of the door knob and leaping into the air.

It was determined that of the G's who left on weekends wearing undies, 67 percent of them returned without any. This was the object of some puzzlement for Professor Thomas and myself, until we theorized that the G's apparently feared organized panty raids. To support our theoryy, G's were often observed bringing their panties home in their purses. Of those who returned with panties neither on person nor in purse, we could only surmise that the garments were lost through some quirk which was

(Continued on next page)

beyond the scope of the present study.

Through the cooperation of the WU statistical department, we were able to plot the average activity of one G during a typical period of evening observation. It follows:

Enter room—throw coat over back of chair or on bed—look out window—scratch buttock briefly—kick off shoes—make telephone call—flop into chair with legs over arm for conversation position—remove stockings while talking—rub feet.

Hang up telephone—take off blouse and skirt—wander aimlessly about room in slip—kick at pile of textbooks on floor—stand before mirror for long periods—sit down at dressing table—practice pouting expressions and eyelash flutter—drag comb through hair.

Take slip off—collapse on bed with paperback copy of "Sin On The Sand"—scratch arms—scratch inside of left ear with little finger of left hand.

Get off bed—remove panties and bra—rinse in bathroom sink—hang them to dry—wander naked about room—pause before mirror—strike assorted poses—watch self through narrowed eyes—read more of book while reclining on bed—get up—kick textbooks again—make another telephone call—giggle at length.

Put on slacks and blouse for evening meal—leave room—return—answer telephone—leave room—return several hours later—sew missing button back on blouse and pick grass off slacks.

Smoke numerous cigarettes while loafing about naked—put on shorty pajama top—make brief unsuccessful search for pajama bottom—put pins in hair—lie on bed and read more of "Sin On The Sand"—fall asleep with light on.

The morning periods of observation were more brief, but no less productive in yielding valuable findings. We found, for example, that there are three major methods used by the G's in putting on bras. Professor Thomas and myself termed them: the bend-over-catch method, the dive method, and the wrestle method.

Other findings included the observation on a number of occasions of G-35 writing crib notes on the upper part of her bosom with a ballpoint pen during examination periods. G-29 wore an over-size bra and often used it to store small bags of salted peanuts, for munching between classes.

In conclusion, bearing in mind that this is a relatively untouched field of research, it can be stated that the private affairs of the young, unmarried females must undergo a tremendous amount of depth investigation before a sound basis for theory develops.

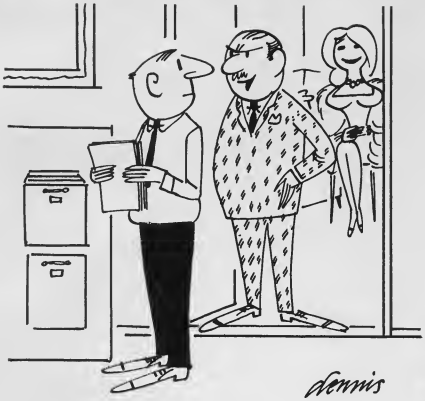
Appreciation is extended to Professor Thomas, who very likely at this minute is faithfully engaged in the drudgery of squinting through the spotting scope, in the continuation of this important work. THE END

Now which one are you—John, Paul, George or Ringo?

THE BEST OF DENNIS

"Think nothing of it—I know what it's like to be hungry."

"Pour yourself a drink, Mr. Sloan, while I get out of these warm clothes."



"Go fire someone, Tupper—anyone."

"That's silly, John! How can you think such a thing!"

WIZARD'S TOUCH

(Continued from page 56)

"Sure are," Wilt said, wondering how he could hold this most complete woman at his side. He tried to recall if he had put a pack of cards or a coin trick in the pocket of his jacket.

"The flowers are beautiful this time of year, aren't they?" the blonde said, turning to give Wilt a profile view.

"Yes, they certainly are," Wilt agreed, and sucked in his breath as he thought of touching his lips in the small hollow curve just under the girl's left ear.

"What's the flower you're wearing in your buttonhole?" she asked, crossing her legs to show the knee and a few inches of shaded nylon clad thigh.

The glimpse almost made Wilt stutter as he said, "Wolfbane—the witch flower, it's called."

"That's interesting. Where did you get it?"

"Grew it in my window box," Wilt said with some pride.

"Aren't you afraid of witches?" the blonde tessed.

"Of course not," Wilt said, finding it easier to talk. "I'm a wizard." He grinned at her.

"Not really!" There was friendly, mock astonishment in her voice.

"I'll show you sometime," Wilt boasted.

"I'd love it," she said. "Tell me about the wolfbane first, though."

"Nothing to it really," Wilt said, speaking slowly to make the explanation last so he could savor looking at her. "Wolfbane is nothing more than what grandmother called 'monkshood' and what gardeners nowadays call 'ranunculus'—the family includes things like larkspur and buttercups."

"I'm disappointed," she said, and smiled to show she really wasn't.

"Back when people believed in things like that," Wilt said, warming to his subject, "wolfbane had the reputation of being able to ward off vampires and werewolves, and to cure agues—what we call 'flue' now. It was part of most spring tonics and girls put it in their hair for pagan fertility rites. Oops, excuse me. I got a little carried away."

"That's all right, I'm a big girl," she smiled.

Big only in places, Wilt thought. He discussed various plants, roots and leaves that are part of the history of religion, magic and folk medicine. He chattered on and on.

He glanced down at his wristwatch and was astounded. "Golly, it's one o'clock in the afternoon! I've kept you here for hours. I'm sorry," he said, though it was a lie.

"Don't be," she said, somehow seeming closer beside him on the bench. "It's been terribly interesting."

There's a first time for everything and all she can do is say "no," Wilt thought, wanting to hold the desirable creature close to him. "Let me take you to lunch by way of apology for boring you with all this talk."

"I'd love to go to lunch with you, but let's exchange names to make ourselves socially acceptable," she said. "I'm Cathy Waldenses."

"I'm Wilton Masters—Wilt would be fine."

Their hands touched and the ache turned to fire under Wilt's skin. Wilt and Cathy were crowded into a tiny bootn. His thigh touched hers. He ordered wine and the luncheon became a festival for two.

For the first time in his life Wilt found himself growing glib and witty.

"This is a wonderful way to be lonely," he told her. "You're enchanting."

They spent the remainder of the afternoon in a cocktail lounge atop a hotel, from which patrons could see tiny automobiles and pedestrians in the street below, and the river and the bay and the miniature bridges beyond.

"You're bewitching, Cathy," Wilt laughed happily. "I don't know what it is with you, but you've got me under a spell. I've never had so much fun in my life."

"It's like that for me too."

"Let me take you to dinner," he said.

"Let me freshen my makeup and you have yourself a date, Wilt," she said. His heart flipped over twice at the invitation in her smile.

The dinner was in a small, dimly lighted place which exuded a couples-only atmosphere. The warmth of desire continued to grow within Wilt. He knew not what was set before him or what he ate. He could only look at Cathy.

A floor show at a big brassy club, then some time at a progressive jazz joint near the waterfront stole the remaining evening hours.

"May I take you home?" Wilt asked.

"I was hoping you would ask," she breathed.

She gave the cab driver the address quickly and settled into the curve of Wilt's arm. He wanted to explore those exciting curves and crevices, but could not quite bring himself to take the step. He felt her breath on his neck and he turned his head to find her lips there for him to kiss. He seized the advantage. The kiss started slowly, like a

Quote Of The Month

"A WOMAN'S MIND IS CLEANER THAN A MAN'S; SHE CHANGES IT MORE OFTEN."

— Oliver Herford

rocket off a launching pad, but, like a rocket, gained momentum until the world was left far below.

The taxi stopped and the kiss ended.

Cathy's house—not an apartment—was a modern thing built on a cliff overlooking a moonlit stretch of white ocean strand. Timbers and glass formed glinting impressionistic triangles which reflected the phosphorescence of the breakers.

She handed Wilt the key and he opened the door. Inside she switched on the lights and he found himself in a wide, open room, furnished in the spare, functional Danish style. A broad white llama fur rug covered the floor in front of a semi-circular fireplace.

"Welcome," she said.

"I like," he said.

"Let me change into something more comfortable. You can build us a fire and fix us a drink if you want," she added, pointing to a small cabinet bar. She disappeared into a bedroom and Wilt did as she had bidden him.

Then she returned. The "something more comfortable" was sheer and clinging. Her blonde hair now hung loose to her shoulders. The light from the bedroom behind her silhouetted the lush curves of her body as she walked toward him. The drinks he had mixed remained untouched.

She moved directly into his arms. Her perfume mixed with the warm woman scent of her body. She strained against him to receive his kiss. Their lips touched lightly at first, seeking, deciding a course. Blood pounded the drum of desire in Wilt's head.

When he awakened the fire was only coals and she was standing beside the rug, smiling, once again dressed in the black frock. "Come, darling, I'll drive you home."

The ride through the city seemed swift and brief. She left him with a soft kiss, and the receding burr of the sports car exhaust matched his pulse.

After a shower and a long morning nap, Wilt thought about giving Cathy a call. He kicked aside his chain escape equipment and went to his telephone stand. He thumbed the book to the "W" section and looked for Waldenses. No such name was listed. "Probably an unlisted phone," Wilt said to himself, slightly disappointed.

Then he reflected that he had not caught Cathy's exact address and that it would be difficult to find her house along all the miles of the city's waterfront.

At work the next day Wilt tried to think of a way to find Cathy when George Lynn, whom Wilt privately disliked, came up to his desk.

"Hooboy," George crowed, "I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

"What?" Wilt asked mildly.

"That dame you were with Saturday night!"

"Yeah," Wilt smiled, proudly.

"What a bag. Man, I knew you had a little trouble getting dates, but that was too much. What slab did you steal her off of?"

"I . . . don't . . ." Wilt stammered.

"No kidding, was her head as pointed as that hat she was wearing?"

"It . . ." Wilt was dumbfounded.

"I'll swear there were cobwebs hanging from the end of that nose. You could have used it for a meat hook. Same for that chin, only upsidedown." There was a self-satisfied nastiness in George's laugh. "That dress your chick was wearing, WOW! Clear down to the tops of her high button shoes."

"Where . . . ?" Wilt couldn't make his voice go on.

"I first saw you in the park. I couldn't believe it—ol' Wilt with a zombie's grandmother right there in broad daylight. Then all those people looking at you in the restaurant—then later in the hotel bar. I just decided to follow and see what you were up to. It was too hilarious to resist. Man, how funny can you get? Followed you to that jazz place, then tailed the cab to that dilapidated fire trap out by the beach. The place must have been full of rats. That's when I left. How was it?"

"None of your damn business," Wilt said hotly. "Beat it. Get the hell out of here. Scram."

"Okay. You don't have to get teed off. I'm just curious, that's all."

"Shove off, or I'll splatter your face," Wilt barked, jumping up and cocking a fist under George's nose.

"Okay, okay," George said and trotted back to his own desk.

The words, George's words, played themselves back in Wilt's mind like an endless tape recording. He couldn't understand what had happened. His work suffered. His totals were wrong all week, and he received sharp words from the senior supervisor. For the first time in his life, Wilt failed to practice his magic routines. On Friday night he bought a bottle of bourbon and got exceedingly drunk all by himself, then got exceedingly sick—which saved him from a dreadful hangover.

He awoke Saturday morning. Coffee cleared his head. He thought some more about Cathy, beautiful, passionate, desirable Cathy. He went over the events of the previous Saturday. He mulled through George's words once more.

He smiled.

Then he showered, shaved closely, put on his ivy green suit and his Irish pebble grain brogues. He checked the knot of his tie and his collar tabs.

Wilt went to the window box, plucked a sprig of wolfbane—the witch flower—and thrust it through the buttonhole of his lapel.

Then he went to sit in the park.

THE END

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

Veronique Vendell, in the bedroom scene of *Becket*.

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